

# Students March and Rally to Protest CUNY Cuts

by peter grad and kenny winikoff

Four hundred students marched through buildings and held rallies around the campus Wednesday in a renewed effort to protest budget cuts at the City University. The rally followed a fifteen-minute "symbolic memorial" for the four students slain at Kent State University one year ago.

In front of Cohen Library speakers call for an immediate takeover of the administration building, but Student Senate President James Small stepped forward and appealed to students not to stage a confrontation with President Marshak. Small commented, "We've got to get things together. This isn't a strike for just one day. Now if you're interested in getting people involved, you've got to go where they are."

"The Vietnamese have been fighting for years," he said. "Our fight has just begun."

Bob Yanagida, a spokesman for the Asian Students Association, urged Asian students to break away from their passive roles. "We've kept our noses clean and kept out of trouble, but now we are determined to work together with other student groups to fight against oppression."

Willie Nieves, a representative of Puerto Rican Student Union, (PRSU) outlined the demands he said must be met before students will end their protest.

"First, we're demanding that there be no cuts next year in either the SEEK or the College Discovery Programs. Second, we're calling for the continuation of Open Admissions and an assurance that no freshmen will be barred from entering the College next Fall. Third, we're

demanding that there be no dismissal in the faculty or cafeteria workers. We will continue to strike until such time as these demands are met."

At around 1 P.M., the participants marched up to North Campus in an attempt to recruit more students. They proceeded to march through the cafeteria and then to the first floor where they succeeded in disrupting several classes in session. During the demonstration, several windows were broken as students claimed they would not leave until the classrooms were emptied.

One student who chose to stay in class was heard to comment, "I can't strike, I've gotta learn probability for a test." A demonstrator retorted, "In all probability, the school won't stay open long enough for you to take the test."

One math teacher commented that she was "all for no tuition" but wished to participate in the demonstrations when school is over.

After leaving the building, the students were divided on what course of action to follow. Members of the Progressive Labor Party advocated a sit-in at the office of President Marshak, while strike coordinators urged that the student group march to the office of Governor Rockefeller to present their



peter g. 80



bill bywater

demands.

Nieves said, "many people are saying that we should take over the administration building. It makes no sense to take over Marshak's office at this point. Let's go downtown to sit in at Rockefeller's office. The problem

is not in Marshak's hands, it's in Rockefeller's hands." However, the students declined to make the trip downtown, and the crowd eventually dwindled down to a few.

Splinter groups then headed for Klapper and Wagner Halls.

Students were met at Wagner Hall by Robert Martinson, chairman of the Sociology department, who announced that he "intended to do something if this disruption continues." He then turned to one of the speakers

(Continued on page 11)

## OP, SG Reps in D.C. Jail

Among the 11,600 people arrested in Washington this week were Maureen Sullivan, Student Senate Executive Vice President, and two O'People, H. Edward Weberman and Larry Rosen.

Sullivan was charged with unlawful assembly and released on ten dollars collateral.

Weberman and Rosen are still being detained but it is believed they will soon be released. They had been taken into custody while participating at a sit-in at the Justice Department earlier this week.



## Lettuce Boycott

The United Farmworkers Organizing Committee, the representatives of lettuce field workers in the Southwest, announced a lettuce boycott to gain support in their struggle for improved working conditions. The boycott has been in effect since September.

The grape boycott staged by UFWOC for three years ended this past summer.

The union has recently been thwarted by injunctions against striking field workers and against the boycott. The director of UFWOC, Cesar Chavez, spent most of December in jail for the union's refusal to obey the injunctions. To worsen matters, the U.S. Army increased their purchase of lettuce from Bud Antle, Inc., one of the largest lettuce growers in the U.S.

On March 26, a month long moratorium on the boycott was called. During this time, the Teamsters, who represent packaging and processing workers in the lettuce industry,

urged the growers to sign contracts with UFWOC. Talks between major growers and UFWOC are now in progress as the boycott continues.

On Sunday, May 16, there will be a March Against Hunger to raise funds for the farmworkers. Prospective marchers are advised to find sponsors who will donate a specific amount of money for each mile walked. The starting point of the walk will be at the 72nd Street mall in Central Park at 8 AM. For information, call 679-1522. —joyce cheney

# Marshak Reveals Army Plans; Tuition Issue Alive in Albany

by bob lovinger

Freshmen and Sophomore ROTC cadets who will not have obtained their degrees by June 30, 1972, the date which the College has set for removal of the program from the campus, will probably be able to finish out their careers at Fordham University, at the expense of the Army. President Robert Marshak revealed at a press conference yesterday.

The Army is also making arrangements for the off-campus ROTC center which the President has said he would like to see. The center might serve a number of colleges in the metropolitan area.

In the budget crisis, Professor Philip Baunel reported that on his trip to Albany with the College's delegation last week, he found that the issue of tuition for the City University next term is not a dead one; that although a bill which would have mandated tuition for CUNY is dead in the State Legislature, many

legislators are still talking about imposing a tuition on the University in order to ease the budget crisis.

Baunel said that indications were the State's budget wouldn't be firm until sometime in June. This would mean that whatever decisions the state makes about the City University, students will not be around to protest them. Baunel also indicated that the SEEK program would not be destroyed by the legislature.

Marshak said that he and a few other University presidents hoped to arrange next week to speak to Governor Rockefeller about the CUNY situation.

Dean of Students Bernard Sommer reported at the press conference that since the College "no drug" policy took effect on April 21, "people in uniform and out of uniform have told me that the campus is a lot cleaner."

Marshak indicated that the much-talked-about Center for Urban Studies of the City University will open in the fall. The main office will be in the Graduate Center at 42 Street. The president said that the Center hopes to eventually offer Master degrees in urban engineering, urban nursing, urban ar-

(Continued on page 11)

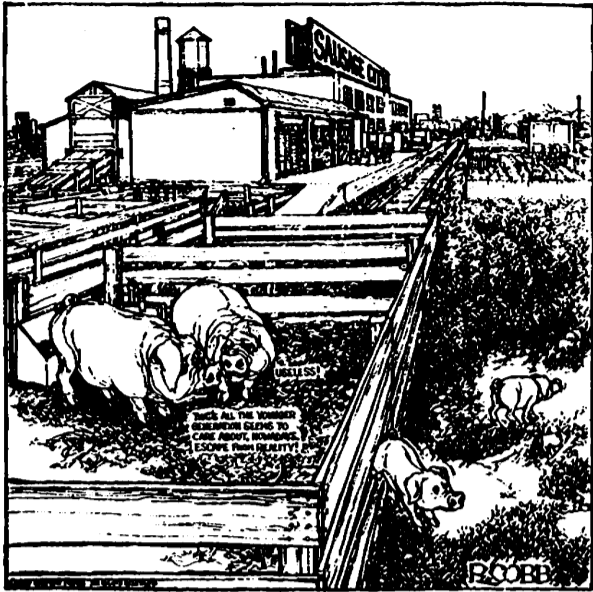
## Voter Registration Drive On

A drive to register students who are now eligible to vote in Federal elections at age 18 opened at the College Monday. The Board of Elections requested that Student Senate run the drive, which is funded jointly by the Student Senate, the College administration, and the City College Fund.

Student Senate officials stated that the program has gone enormously well. Close to 2,000 people registered as of Wednesday. The Senate hopes to register 7,000 people by the end of the drive, which will make the drive the most successful in college history.

The program is scrutinized by the Board of Elections, which sent officials to supervise the drive. Recruiting will end May 17. —cale sigal





# Dr. Hippocrates

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,  
Is it normal to make love by using the "upside down" position—kissing each other's sexual organs before intercourse? I think it is animal-like and abnormal.

Maybe I am old-fashioned. What do you think?

B.L.

ANSWER: I don't think you should be forced to do things which are repellent to you. But it seems to me that whatever people choose to do for mutual pleasure, so long as it doesn't intrude upon the privacy of others, is their own affair.

Most municipalities have laws with severe penalties for sexual acts such as the one you describe. These statutes reveal the ignorance of those who imposed their prejudices upon others through the force of the state. Of course, they are rarely enforced. Their only purpose is to promote disrespect for legal processes.

By the way, isn't man another kind of animal?

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I want you to keep your cotton-pickin' comments about chiropractors to yourself since you absolutely do not know what you're talking about. As far as I'm concerned, nobody is qualified to judge a chiropractor but one group of people only—the chiropractic patients themselves!

M.V.

ANSWER: Chiropractors believe disease is caused by misaligned spinal vertebrae pinching nerves, a theory originated by D. D. Palmer in 1895. Spinal manipulations are said to relieve pressure on the nerves, thus allowing the body to heal itself.

Although the A.M.A. considers chiropractic a cult, many physicians refer their patients to D.C.s. More than half the patients entering an average doctor's office have no detectable physical illness. There's a good chance these people will leave a chiropractor's office feeling better than they would after visiting an M.D. Why? Because spinal manipulation feels good even if a person is in perfectly good physical health.

Aside from the benefits of positive suggestions and "laying on of the hands," there's the possibility that D. D. Palmer was on to something important. The system of medicine presently taught in our medical schools does represent but one method of healing. There are many others, most of them yet unknown.

All healing techniques, including chiropractic, naturopathy, acupuncture, etc., could and should be scientifically studied. The scientific method is as natural, as organic, as the order of the universe.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

A lot of people have cystitis (bladder infections). Women, that is. I used to have it once or twice a month. Sometimes it seemed like I had it all the time, it was just the severity that changed.

A few years ago I started studying judo 2 or 3 times a week and at the same time quit having cystitis. After nine months I quit judo and the cystitis came back. Three years later I started doing Kung fu—sort of like karate—and the cystitis went away again.

My theory, of course, is that my cystitis and maybe everybody else's is caused by bottled-up aggressions. Judo or some other self-defense form may channel the aggression away from one's own body. Side effect: good muscle tone, general feeling of health and well-being.

L.A.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

For the past two months I've been plagued with a persistent urinary tract infection. Despite three courses of treatment there was no improvement until 2 nights ago. Some friends sent us a CARE package of grass, so my old man and I blew a joint.

It really got into his head—he said it was good heavy stuff. But I didn't feel very high. However, I did feel a sensation of relaxation through all my muscles and body, especially from the waist to the knees, and since then the bladder symptoms have been gone. Do you think there is anything to this grass therapy? Or is it just a coincidence?

ANSWER: Environmental, nutritional and psychological factors are at least as important as micro-organisms when considering infectious diseases. Mind and body the same.

Cystitis is an infection of the bladder usually associated with bacteria normally found in the lower intestines. Symptoms include burning, pain and frequent urination. At times blood may appear in the urine.

Often the kidneys are involved as well. The patient may complain of fever, headache, diarrhea or pain in the sides and lower back.

The diagnosis is confirmed by laboratory examination of the urine. Treatment includes antibiotics, increased fluids, rest and avoidance of irritants such as alcohol and coffee. Antibiotics must be continued for 10 days even though the

symptoms stop after a day or two. Continuation of antibiotic therapy is necessary to fully eradicate the infection. Untreated bladder infections may result in serious kidney damage.

Cystitis is found more often in women than men because their urethra are so much shorter. Bacteria don't have to go so far. Longer urethras now says my liberated secretary.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Both myself and my wife live a day-to-day tragedy in the form of my mother-in-law's mental condition. She lays in bed all day long, does not clean the house, has tried to commit suicide, and refuses to voluntarily sign herself into a mental facility. . . . In short, she does not have any will left to live, and she is only 48 years old. She only says she wants to die.

Then yesterday I had an idea to change her state of mind (it couldn't get any worse) and let her go on some trips with some super LSD. I have had a lot of experience on acid although I haven't taken any for at least 1 1/2 years. I feel confident that a few good trips and I could instill the will in her that she so desperately needs to go on. She has consented to take the acid.

The main question we would like to know is if you feel this last resort would be a constructive measure, and if so, should we have some Thorazine on hand just in case she freaks out. We also wondered if there is any possible danger from LSD in a person so disoriented as she.

A.A.

ANSWER: The people most likely to do poorly under the influence of LSD are those with a previous history of serious psychiatric illness. Although you might wish nothing but good for your mother-in-law, the results could prove to be disastrous.

Ironic, isn't it, that you or any other lay person can buy all the LSD you wish in any city or on any college campus, while physicians are forbidden by the government to use LSD or other mind expanding drugs in treating their patients.

Since your mother-in-law agreed to take LSD perhaps she would also accept more conventional treatment methods. She might also be eligible for regular visits from a nurse through the Visiting Nurse Association. Call them or your local health department for further information.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

I was told recently by a pharmacist that mescaline was an alkaloid and therefore was harmful to the human body. In fact, he said it was the most harmful of drugs now popular and that in the human male attacked the testicles. Help!

ANSWER: Most psychedelic drugs are alkaloids, including mescaline. Although any psychedelic drug can cause a bad trip, mescaline seems to cause fewer bad experiences than the 1% figure usually quoted for LSD. But most of the drug samples sold as mescaline in the street turn out to be STP, LSD or some other drug. Mescaline does often seem to go right to the testicles but the drug affects all the other senses as well. There is no evidence whatsoever that pure mescaline physically damages the testicles or other parts of the body.

The most harmful of the drugs now popular is alcohol.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

Please, a short dissertation on crab lice, a by-product of my teenagers first year away from home. Can they be acquired, or re-acquired, by non-intimate contacts? Specifically—from toilet seats, bath tubs, bath towels, bedding, communal washing of clothing? How can they be vanquished?

ANSWER: Crab lice or crabs can certainly be acquired through non-intimate contact. Bed linens, garments or towels can be sources of lice infestation. Treatment is simple and inexpensive—your pharmacist has several non-prescription medicines effective against crab lice. DDT should not be used because it won't kill crab eggs. The bedding, undergarments, etc. must be laundered at the same time, otherwise reinfestation may result.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

In the past eight months of going around without a bra I have noticed quite a few stretch marks. They are quite embarrassing since I'm only 20. I truly believe that if I hadn't gone around au naturel this wouldn't have happened. Sagging also sets in early.

S.S.

Answer: My secretary says she's gone without a bra for three years and has no stretch marks.

## Week's War Dead

Following is a list of American servicemen killed in action in Southeast Asia last week as announced by the Defense Dept.

**METROPOLITAN AREA**  
Queens: SP/4 Edward W. Corcoran, 48-27 40th St., LIC

**ELSEWHERE IN THE NATION**

**ARMY**

SGT P. O. Applegate, Tucson, Ariz.

SSG G. A. Pacheco, Denver, Colo.

PFC M. A. Montes Sifuentes, Chicago, Ill.

CAPT B. G. Albertson, Jackson, Miss.

PFC R. M. Warren, Las Vegas, Nev.

SP/4 G. L. Reynolds, Charlottesville, Va.

SP/5 G. J. Orr, Lincoln, Ill.

SGT B. G. Channel, Kansas City, Mo.

SP/4 M. J. Williams, Birmingham, Ala.

SGT L. V. Ferguson Jr., Avon Pk., Fla.

PFC B. R. Alvarez, Ridgeway, Mich.

SP/5 E. M. Ball, Akron, Ohio.

1st LT O. J. Dubbeld Jr., St. Peters-

burg, Fla.

SGT A. R. Lloyd, St. Charles, Minn.

SP/4 W. E. Densley Jr., Glendora, N.J.

SPEC/4 B. R. Hively, Bono, Ark.

SGT D. Stephenson, Campbell, Cal.

SPEC/4 L. A. Yugel, Thornton, Cal.

PFC P. W. Terry, Leesburg, Va.

SPEC/4 J. B. Harris, Festus, Mo.

SPEC/4 J. R. Sly, Independence, Mo.

PFC R. M. Fuhrman, Erie, Pa.

1st LT R. L. Nelson, San Antonio, Tex.

SPEC/4 G. H. Williams, Newport News,

Va.

PFC J. L. Hall, North Little Rock, Ark.

SPEC/4 L. Reza, Patterson, Cal.

PFC D. G. Drinkard, Hazel Park, Mich.

SGT K. D. Grogan, Stanfield, Ore.

USFC D. E. Sorenson, Beaver, Ore.

STAFF SGT G. D. Smith, Austin, Tex.

WO1 R. M. Persinger, Alderson, W.Va.

SPEC/4 K. Shamblin, Sissonville, W.Va.

SPEC/4 W. F. Thompson Jr., Chelsea,

Mass.

PFC J. M. Cardwell, Castro Valley, Cal.

## The Cost of War

Dead	Wounded
45,019	298,289
53,513	204,082
292,131	670,844
33,429	103,284

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK (LNS)—Here's how the New York Daily News described, in part, a raid on the halls of congress by hundreds of anti-war protesters dressed in headbands and war-paint:

"Small groups of demonstrators invaded offices, committee rooms and the Senate chamber, where about 20 were evicted for shouting 'Stop the War!' and 'People are dying:'

"On a more serious note. . . ."

## observation post

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# Wait A Minute, Mister Postman!

observation post  
CCNY

136 St. & Amsterdam  
NEW YORK



## WHY BOMB the ARMY TRAINING CENTER

ALL OF THE TIME BOMBING  
THE GREATER RISK IS IN REMAINING  
SILENT IN THE FACE OF OUR  
DESTRUCTIVE  
GOVERNMENT

ALL THESE WHO Criticize US FOR EXTREMISM  
HAVE YOU DONE TO STOP THE WAR

OUR TAXES ARE SPENT ON THE MILITARY AND NOT FOR  
Jobs EDUCATION Housing ecology

WE ARE LED TO BELIEVE THAT WE CONTROL OUR LIVES  
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO VOTE BUT WE CAN'T CONTROL

CON EDISON GM Chemical Chrysler  
THESE COMPANIES, WHICH OWN MOST OF THIS COUNTRY  
AND CONTROL THE GOVERNMENT, VALUE MATERIAL GOODS AND  
PROPERTY RATHER THAN HUMAN LIVES  
NO COUNTRY OR GOVERNMENT CHANGES ALONE.  
CHANGE COMES ONLY THROUGH PEOPLE'S JOINT ACTION.

WE MUST STOP THE WAR  
THE PLACE TO BEGIN IS IN OUR OWN COMMUNITIES

Not LOVE and revolution  
NOW, When? The family

### Love and Kisses

To the editor(s) (you know who you are):

I am under the assumption that since my name is no longer on the masthead I am now allowed to write letters to the editor. Could I still write a thirty column as a prerequisite to the great american novel? (notice the e and not a k in american).

Actually I am really writing to inquire about two things. First of all, when I did the story about Charlie Nemeroff, et. al. I had no idea that he was splitting for Boston to help the revolution. I just thought, that like most sane people (and they aren't too many of us around anymore) he was splitting New York City because New York City, especially the parts where he reigned from (the Bronx) can get to be a drag. What does D.A.K. stand for anyway? (Daughters of the American Cultural revolution?)

Secondly, if you're going to print an LNS story about abortion, don't be a typical dipshit stupid alleged radikal newspaper which goes around contradicting itself by printing abortion referral agency ads on the next page.

My thesis is coming along fine. Now if I could find a German tutor....

Love and kisses,  
Madeleine Tress

### Meaningless Questionnaire

After finding out that the Policy Council of City College recommended that two students be on departmental appointment committees, Professor Hillman Bishop of the Political Science department, is circulating a questionnaire to all candidates for election to the Faculty Senate, with the mistaken idea that the Faculty Senate can have a direct influence on whether or not such

a recommendation is adopted.

If Professor Bishop had read the articles in the student newspapers carefully, he would have realized that this recommendation must be approved by a majority of the students and a majority of the faculty, in a campus wide referendum, in order to become part of the official Governance Plan of the City College.

After the Policy Council approves the governance plan, submitted by a presidentially-appointed committee, the plan goes to the Student and Faculty Senates for additions to be voted on (but not changes).

Professor Bishop's questionnaire asked all faculty members who are candidates for election to the Faculty Senate, which is electing one third of its body this week, to declare where they stand on the issue of students being included on appointments committees. The questionnaire states that an attempt will be made to publicize the replies "without recommendation," but it is this student's opinion that the reason for the questionnaire in the first place, is an attempt to keep progressive faculty out of the Faculty Senate by mustering support against the people who say "Yes" to the questionnaire.

As the Faculty Senate has no direct bearing on the question, the attempt is meaningless, except inasmuch as there will be pressure for a reactionary Faculty Senate. Be aware of what is going on!

All faculty members, regardless of their stand on this issue, are asked NOT to fill out and return this questionnaire. You will all have a chance to vote on the proposal in the referendum. In the meantime, try to keep the Faculty Senate the representative body it hopefully is.

DON'T ANSWER THE QUESTIONNAIRE!

Sherry Cohen  
Student Senator

### Peace Treaty 'Sham'

About that "peace treaty" that captured OP's front page—I mean the one prepared by the leaders of NSA in collaboration with Hanoi—it really is such a sham. Here's a treaty which in essence states that if we set a date for total pull-out, Hanoi will agree to talk about guarantees of safety for our withdrawing troops; agree to talk about releasing our POWs, agree to talk about guarantees of safety and political freedom for those South Vietnamese who "collaborated" with us. Really now! Is there any knowledgeable American anywhere who doesn't know by now what it means to talk with communists? Is there any American anywhere who doesn't know that most of our casualties during the Korean War occurred while we were busy talking with communists?

Article III of this "People's Peace Treaty" states: "There will be an immediate cease fire between US forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam." Behold! A cease fire which excludes one of the principal antagonists—the North Vietnamese. Even were the North Vietnamese there would be little reason for hope. By now, we should be experts on the question of communist-styled cease fires. Remember the Tet offensive? That was launched during a "cease fire" which, incidentally, was proposed by the communists? There have been approximately 15 cease fires agreed to by the US, all of which were repeatedly violated by the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces. So much for cease fires.

Article VII is too much to stomach. It's about respecting "the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva Conventions...." Alas, the North Vietnamese divisions never left Laos after the 1962 Geneva accords. The gross violations of Cambodia's sovereignty by the North Vietnamese simply cannot be denied anymore. Two of Senator Fulbright's investigators, recently back from Cambodia, submitted a report which admitted this fact. This report, unfortunately, has been buried somewhere by the Chairman, never to receive the public notice it properly deserves.

Remember all that flak, years ago, about "ugly Americanism"? Well, the "treaty" would have us pledge to "end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam"—a government competitively chosen in an election internationally observed and sanctioned. How's that for ugly Americanism? There has been a lot said about the imperfections of South Vietnam's democracy. In my book, it's nothing short of a miracle that, in that war-torn, chaotic part of the world, any democratic institutions exist at all. Nothing is perfect in this world, and North Vietnam has a very long way to go before it can claim anything like the freedom South Vietnamese people have.

Now, I'm not at all surprised to find the most subversive elements of our society enthusiastically backing this so-called peace treaty. But a larger, more respectable and far more influential group has emerged sympathetic to the contents of

this incredible document. The perennial visionaries, utopians, pacifists, "One Worlders" are out in force, and tagging along are just oodles of "beautiful people" and of course a goodly number of just plain opportunists. These days, they're doing more than the usual amount of screaming about how "awful" things are in this country, and they're more than usually frustrated at the sight of events not moving in the direction of their "perfect society." It seems that, at the root of their thinking, there's a notion about human nature which just doesn't stack up with what history tells most of us, and a belief that evil will somehow disappear as soon as society is "restructured" in accordance with their theories. Well, as the rest of society is daily hammered over the head with their rantings, and as their self-righteous indignation makes the headlines, and as they are given power to implement their schemes (as was done during the Kennedy-Johnson years), we just might wake up one day to find that whatever chance we had to realistically improve our lot and work out our problems is gone by default. You see, back in monolithic USSR and Red China (despite our "ping pong penetration" of the latter)—while we were busy crying—there were some other kinds of goings on.

from Prof. Roger C. Verdesi—  
Music Dept. April 19, 1971

### Dear Ho: "We've come a long way"

Dear Mr. Minh:

Is it, maybe, possible that from your present location you can exert a more effective influence to end the war than you could when you were among us?

First, as a plain American business man, I want to say that we over here deplore the fighting in Viet Nam as much as I am sure you do. We do not look on your wiry little fighters as monsters. Our boys call them "Charlie" in a sort of tough humor that shows we do not hate anyone. And those of us who pause to think about it, cannot help but grant your small nation a certain credit for holding out so long against us. No one can deny that you personally were an able statesman, managing as well as you did. And it is not beyond us to understand why you went to war to reunite your country's South with the North. Our Abraham Lincoln did the same thing.

The truth is, Mr. Minh, we are afraid of you, of what we call your ideology, communism. We know that there are more than a billion people on your side, all committed to the end of engulfing our country with communism. The very word has for American ears a sinister sound. It is a sword pointed at us that we feel we must avert. It represents a way of life, we are told, that would strip us of all we cherish, our property, our religion, the fruits of our work. We have learned to take for granted that the "free world," as we call it, has got to fight to contain communism—without our knowing exactly what the system involves.

Some say that under communism no man can own, for example, a big spread, like a ranch, because the land belongs to everyone, as in the Garden of Eden. But this, it seems to us,

goes against nature. Birds keep their private nest, squirrels their hollow tree which they fill with nuts industriously gathered. Ants have their burrow, which they jealously guard as their own.

"Yes" (I can imagine you saying), but ants, the symbol of provident industry, work together in common community."

Well, Mr. Minh (I say), if that's the sort of thing communism is about, I will admit I would like to hear more, just to clear the air. And I would like an equal chance to tell your people what are the principles that inspire us in the free enterprise system. You might find that your system is not perfect. We already know ours isn't.

Vaguely I understand that under communism the government owns the means of production, that people use it, and the government takes a part of what's produced as taxes. Over here the people own the means of production, while the government taxes the ownership AND the income produced. Is there much difference? Are we so far apart that we must fight over it? Most of us here feel that the fighting in Viet Nam is blind, and ought to stop.

Being a hardheaded business man I don't like beating around the bush, especially at such cost. I FEEL THAT NOT ONLY Viet Nam and America, but the whole world could profit by a concerted pooling of the good points of all governmental systems. Each of us could draw from the whole those parts of the general wisdom that conform with the makeup of his country. It would take some doing. But so does war. And the glorious result would be worth the trouble if it took thirty years. All men are alike essentially. The chances are that the resulting governments would in time become akin everywhere.

America is rich. We have economists and engineers (as you have) who could (hand in hand with your specialists) blueprint a plan for utilizing to the full the resources of Viet Nam. And we could finance it, too, with only a part of what we spend there now to check communism in one spot.

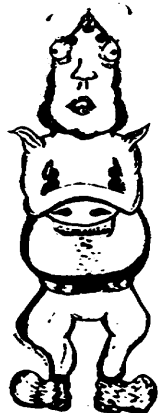
The populations egging you on under communist ideology far outnumber us; but few of them enjoy a fraction of the possessions acquired by the everyday workingman under our free-opportunity system, with all its imperfections.

What do you say? We've both come a long way in socialism. Can't we together straighten out the road for all men?

Marius Perron

234 Club Drive

San Antonio, Texas  
78201



# Good Music Drifts Through the College Walls

There was plenty of good music being played at the College last weekend to small groups and large crowds: just drifting through the air and landing where it fell, rebounding to another spot until someone felt better. It was the last splurge before the end of the term, and it used up all of our money. But we put it together by ourselves, and we're happy we did, I think.

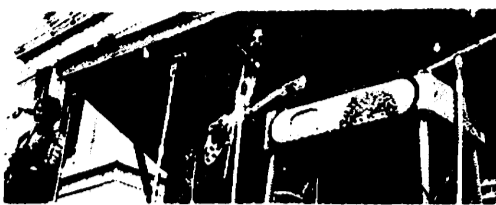
At Cafe Finley Friday night, Paul Siebel, a country folk-singer from the city, played to a disappointingly small audience. Perhaps 50 people heard his first set, and another 15 came for the second half. Add to that the fools who set their table afire with the candle in the middle of one of his songs, and it could have been a disaster.

Instead, the setting seemed to be almost fitting for Siebel's bittersweet songs. He establishes rapport with his audience despite his restrained stage style. Occasionally,

## OPOP

he permits his humor to show through, but he prefers to just let his lyrical music speak for him. He sang the songs from his precious new album, "Jack-Knife Gypsy," complying with a request that he repeat the title song, which calmly recalls trying to talk to a mugger. And he offered his "Prayer Song": "Come and sing a song with me/I really need to hear your song/I'd be so alone without your song."

The whining of his nasal voice, rather than distracting, became soothing, with the fine support of a twanging dobro. He was also backed by a bass and rhythm guitar. In the end, he stepped down from the stage without giving an encore. The applause wasn't thunderous, just as



restrained as his performance, though mixed with respect for two carefully-drawn sets.

On Sunday afternoon, the Allman Brothers Band and the Youngbloods were featured in the second successive big-name concert in Lewisohn Stadium. Not only was the crowd smaller than for Aretha Franklin, but the weather was worse.

A large part of the audience was from outside the College and from as far away as North Bellmore, Long Island. Under overhanging clouds, about 2000 people were huddled on blankets in the stadium's sandbox. And in the middle of the Youngbloods' loose and lively set, the drizzle began. But they were so good, people had to get up to dance or shake their bodies to the music.

The Youngbloods is one of those groups that have been around for awhile, making good records, sometimes getting a hit, but never reaching pop stardom. As lead singer Jesse Colin Young said, his mother would have been glowing with pride to see all those people standing up and calling out for "more" as rain dripped of his guitar.

## Miles Davis

JACK JOHNSON—MUSIC BY MILES DAVIS—MILES DAVIS

Jack Johnson was quite the antithesis of the average "good nigger" in 1906. He became the World's Heavyweight Champion in that year, and as the liner notes say, "a signal for white envy to erupt. Johnson portrayed Freedom. He was a fast-living man; he liked women—lots of them, and most of them white." He had everything that a black man wasn't supposed to have; flashy cars, cigars, champagne, and money.

This is the original soundtrack recording from the movie to be released, *Jack Johnson*. Far from your everyday soundtrack, each side is one lengthy suite featuring Miles and a small group of anonymous musicians, and it is good. Most notable are the guitar (John McLaughlin?) and drums (Tony Williams?). The sounds range from rock to jazz, to a funky soul beat.

This is supposed to be a Miles Davis album, but the guitar is doing such incredible things that it takes a good sudden blast of Miles' trumpet to remind you of his presence. The sounds that the guitarist creates are things that Jimi Hendrix never captured on record, and when Miles catches up and begins to play off the guitar riffs, watch out!

—b.t.

Yet somehow they got away before singing the rock classic, "Get Together."

Despite the rain, the crowd demanded that the concert continue. It was the Allman Brothers that had brought so many of them there, and they weren't about to leave without hearing the blues-rock group. By the time the Allmans came out, the rain had stopped and everyone was standing.

The group has only two albums but is already held in awe. Slide guitarist Duane Allman is considered one of rock's best white blues guitarists, competing with Eric Clapton and Johnny Winter for the title. The strands of his blonde hair partially hid his mouth, which seemed to be mimicking his guitar. But his guitar spoke freely and distinctively, its notes piercing through the group's blues- and jazz-flavored instrumentals. At one point, he let them echo off the walls of the stadium, which withstood the attack.

The group's talent is not limited to Duane. His brother, Gregg, handled the organ and vocals, although his singing seemed to get lost in Lewisohn. And there were six others: two drummers, a bassist, a saxophonist, a second lead guitarist, and a harmonica player. Still, the group's sound was incredibly tight as each member took turns proving he had mastered his instrument. Many of the songs seemed to wander, and without vocals, to lose meaning, but they always came back in place. After about two hours, the Allmans suddenly stopped playing. No one asked for an encore: it was as if we knew they had done everything they could, and all we could do was return home.

—steve simon

## Bo Diddley

ANOTHER DIMENSION—Bo Diddley

Hey Bo Diddley, what happened? The Bo Diddley that we all know for "Mona," "Who Do You Love," "I'm A Man," and "You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover," is in a new dimension. The days of that famous beat, and those ridiculous albums with titles like *Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger*, *Bo Diddley's Beach Party*, *Surfin' With Bo Diddley*, and *Bo Diddley Is A Lover* are over, and Bo is now doing songs by John Fogerty, Elton John, and Al Kooper. His own songs are now about "Pollution" ("we gotta keep America clean, honey.") instead of Jerome and Arlene.

It is still a good album, and if anything, suffers from over-production. With Al Kooper on organ, and assorted hornmen, he manages to recapture the sound of Blood, Sweat, and Tears in a seven-minute, "I Love You More than You'll Ever Know." He does perform exceptional versions of Elton John's "Bad Side of the Moon" and the Band's "Shape I'm In," and there is a new one called "Shut up Woman" to show you that he hasn't lost all memory of his past.

—barry taylor



# Beautiful Monsters, Saturdays, and Demirool

Sometimes it seems as though my entire life could be divided into segments corresponding to TV shows which I immersed myself in.

"Rootie Kazootie": the ease of identifying good as in Rootie and Polka Dot and evil in Poison Sumac; "Dobie Gillis": I longed for Tuesday Weld and dug on Maynard always going down to watch *The Monster That Devoured Cleveland*; "Soupy Sales": I rolled on the floor with the slap-stick and Frank Nastasi's knocking on Soupy's door to tell him about his wife; "The Fugitive": five years of identification with a character who probably changed by life.

Now after a long period of just watching an occasional sports event or documentary, there is another program, which at least for a short time I find myself involved in. Something which I can turn to for a smile, for security, for simplicity and beauty and stability, when I see all the shit happening around me and in me, and the inevitability of things getting worse. And yes, I know it's an escape. That show is "Sesame Street."

Daytime television is pretty horrible. Evening fare isn't much better. I was lying in the hospital a few months ago getting the cartilage removed from my left knee, spending long, immobile days in front of the tube, when I ran into "Sesame Street", produced by the Children's Television Workshop (CTW).

"Sesame Street" is a wonderful one-hour, five-days-a-week-with-repeats-on-Saturday collage of outrageous puppets, humans, films, alphabet and counting cartoons, all put together in what the CTW calls "an educational-entertainment experiment."

"Sesame Street" works on the assumption that kids have higher intelligence and senses of humor than most TV shows do, and takes a situation that "Rootie Kazootie" would have played straight and makes it funny, very funny, with puppets and cartoons.

CTW's target audience are the approximately twelve million US 3-to-6 year olds, especially the "disadvantaged child".

Recently, questions have been raised as to whether the "disadvantaged child" is watching the program, and whether "Sesame Street's" world of brotherhood and

happiness is really relevant to the world the black ghetto pre-schooler sees around him.

Statistics CTW quotes, stating that children who watch the show on a regular basis gain more than those who watch irregularly, together with what is known about the black community's reaction to the show, may mean that the gap between the white and black child beginning school is growing greater.

It's evident that "Sesame Street" is programmed on different levels. People older than the target group who watch the show don't watch it for an education, although a few have written saying that "Sesame Street" taught them the alphabet for the first time.

What attracts us (those of us over six years old—) are the Muppets. Some of the Muppets are: Grover, Cookie Monster, Ernie, Bert, Kermit the frog, and



assorted princesses, monsters, and fairy godmothers. The Muppets appear in skits such as "What's That Part," a Muppet quiz show where a part of the body signs in and must be guessed by blindfolded puppets.

Or "Pick Your Pet", a "Dating Game" prototype in which a little girl Muppet, blindfolded, must choose between a little bird, a dog, and what the show's host describes as a "big, ugly monster". The girl, asking the pets questions, picks the monster. The audience and host moan, but the girl finds the monster cute and adorable. A beautiful and simple illustration of "Beauty is in the eyes....."

Celebrities such as Alan Arkin, Flip Wilson, Burt Lancaster, BB King, Walt Frazier, Pat Paulsen, and Bill Cosby regularly appear on the show in an attempt to attract older children and parents as viewers. CTW hopes that parents who watch the show will follow up with their children on the program's educational aspects.

"Sesame Street" appears on about 275 public and commercial stations coast to coast and is aired or will soon be aired, in 46 foreign countries.

It's hard watching the show during the week, so I try to catch the Saturday marathon, 8 am to 1 pm. Usually I set my alarm for eight, wake up, and watch as much as I can until I fall out. Sometimes I invite people over, and we fall out together. It doesn't matter how late I get in Friday night. Nothin's gonna keep me from my Saturday morning JOY.

Back in the hospital they were shooting me up with Demirool, a derivative of Morphine, to kill the pain. Not only did the Demirool take away the pain, but it lifted me high above everything. And when I looked down and saw myself lying in bed, I cried with happiness because my operation was over. When I thought of the person I once loved, I cried with sadness.

But when I looked at "Sesame Street," and the Cookie Monster devouring cookies and milk and pillows and airplanes, and when I watched Grover, with his long skinny arms, being exploited by everyone, I cried with the simplicity of life and childhood and with my ability to still enjoy a show like this.

And I hardly ever cry. —bob loviner



## An Interview with Procol Harum

April 13, 1971

## Participating:

Roman Mnich and Steve Gilbert—For O.P.

Gary Brooker—Composer, Pianist—Procol Harum

Keith Reid—Lyricist—Procol Harum

Robin Trower—Composer, Guitarist—Procol Harum

R.M.: What has been the difference between Denny Cordell, Matthew (Fisher—former Harum organist), and now Chris Thomas as producers in getting your sound across? Do you leave it up to yourselves or to the producer?

GARY: Well it's up to the producer. I mean we have a little bit to say if we've got the conception of certain sounds, you know, particular to a song but we've always left it up to the producer.

R.M.: Do you work out your songs before you get to the studio? Do you have it well arranged or do you figure it out when you're there?

GARY: Depends on the album. Some albums we've worked out in the studio. . . .

R.M.: Which ones were they?

GARY: This new one (Broken Barricades) we did in the studio and "Shine on Brightly" we did in the studio.

R.M.: Do you make it a point to try your songs out in concert first or. . . .

GARY: No, not really. Depends on your approach at the time when you come to make an album and decide like, "Well, we'll just go in and sit and sort it out," get it together like that or we'd say, "I'd much rather go in and know what we were doing."

S.G.: You mean you can just go in there and knock out some songs?

GARY: Oh, no, the songs are written before. It's just a case of everybody's not sure of what they're going to play. Like if in the studio it's the first time they've ever heard that song and. . . we sort out what we're going to play, and at the same time sort out the sound. . . the way it's going to sound. Of course, if you work it out before hand, in live performances, you're very dependent on the limitations of what you can do on stage, you know.

R.M.: You seem to be more studio oriented than live.

GARY: Well, three albums have been stage songs and then "Shine on Brightly" and this new one were done in the studio.

R.M.: Is this, basically, the first group for all of you?

GARY: No, but it's probably the last group.

R.M.: (to Keith) How's the new album, so far—any new directions besides the "death thing," your great, famed area. . . .

KEITH: It's not about death, this new album. It's about sex. Sex and violence.

R.M.: Are you still slowly changing to a harder rock sound. . . ?

KEITH: Yes, it was mainly to do with that, that's the main reason.

S.G.: Well, for the first three albums you, more or less, were getting into the same. . . .

KEITH: Well, for one thing, I don't think it's very well known that at one point when we came to making the "Home" album, was when Matthew left and we got our new bass player. What we wanted to do. . . we wanted the album to give a good indication of what we would sound like live. Because we had played so much live and there's those people who must have thought, "Well, Matthew was a pretty important part and I wonder what they'll be like now." So we tried to get the sound of that. It's not basic but very live and a true indication of how the songs would sound on stage.

R.M.: It has a very crisp sound as opposed to "Salty Dog's" sort of understated or muddy sound.

KEITH: Well we've had Chris Thomas now for two albums and we're very pleased. The sound on the new album is very good.

S.G.: Did you know the Illinois Crime Commission banned playing "Whiter Shade of Pale" in Illinois?

GARY: Yeah, I heard about that.

R.M.: What do you think about Commissions which decide that your songs are drug songs?

GARY: (Pause) It's an honor, I think.

KEITH: I don't think anybody takes it seriously.

R.M.: Are you conscious of your image. . . a certain mysterious image? I wondered if people talk to you that way (relating to the image).

KEITH: Yeah. People that we meet.

GARY: Our fans are pretty mysterious as well.

S.G.: I find that you have a different audience than most rock groups.

KEITH: Crazier.

S.G.: You're not the type of group that'll have 14 year old girls trying to knock down the dressing room door.

KEITH: I know, that's a shame. (laughter)

R.M.: Is there any way to get the lyrics for your songs? I know it's hard to get them through your (record) company or music publishers.

GARY: Well, that's our fault and the publishers' fault. In fact we should put out a book, you know, with chords, music, and the words. . . some photos. . . and a lot of people would buy it, I think.

KEITH: Well, there we've got a problem is that we've changed our publishers, so that it would be a question of. . . no, well it could be done, I suppose.

R.M.: They have songbooks for incredibly lame groups. Even if you like them, it certainly isn't worthwhile.



## The Elusive Procol Harum

lyrically, buying a songbook for Grand Funk. Are you conscious of people taking your songs into classrooms. . . that's been done.

KEITH: Yeah we hear about it and it's a very nice thing to hear.

R.M.: I knew some kid. . . well a teacher borrowed my friend's albums and traded for some Stravinsky and they both really enjoyed the experience.

GARY: What albums did he give. . . ?

R.M.: He gave him "Salty Dog" and "Shine on Brightly," at the time.

R.M.: On the first three albums nobody knew what you people looked like.

GARY: We were inside "Shine on Brightly." (meaning photos)

R.M.: Yeah, but sort of distorted. I noticed that, I think, on the early editions of the album you had the names of the people underneath (the photos) and then they removed them for some reason.

KEITH: It was the other way around.

GARY: Yeah, somebody was just asking us, "how come the first issues of "Shine on Brightly" didn't have the names, and then they put them in.

R.M.: Yeah, you're right. I thought that it was a conscious effort to make you more mysterious. . . more than you realized. . . the company trying to push an image that you "descend from the stars," play in the studio, and leave again.

KEITH: That's right, that's exactly it.

R.M.: How did you get together? The story goes that "Whiter Shade of Pale" was recorded by you (Gary) with studio musicians.

GARY: No, that's not true.

R.M.: Weren't there two versions of "Whiter Shade of Pale"?

GARY: Keith and I started a group the day we did our first recording sessions. We didn't have a drummer, so we used a session man.

R.M.: Is that the version that's on the album?

GARY: Yeah.

R.M.: A session drummer?

GARY: Yeah.

R.M.: It doesn't sound like B.J. He has a very good sound on his drums. (meaning B.J.)

GARY: He's a good drummer.

R.M.: He attacks more now. . . did you decide to let him drum more now, more rock and roll.

GARY: B.J.? No, he plays what he wants.

(Gary has to leave for a few minutes, Robin calls from across town and is told to come over, B.J. can't be found, and Chris was last spotted with a gorgeous blonde and we decide not to bother him)

R.M.: (to Keith) I'd be the last person to bother you asking for explanations of the songs but do you have any inspirations or a place to go to think of lyrics?

KEITH: No, well. . . the bathroom. (laughter) It's true. . . (picking up a copy of "Broken Barricades") "Luskus Delph" I wrote in the bathroom.

R.M.: Didn't sound like that in concert. (laughter)

KEITH: I write most of my songs in the kitchen or in the bathroom.

R.M.: Have you ever appeared with Procol Harum on stage?

KEITH: No.

R.M.: Have you ever played on an album?

KEITH: Yeah, I played on the "Home" album.

R.M.: Which cuts?

KEITH: "Piggy Pig Pig" and "About to Die."

R.M.: Organ?

KEITH: Yeah.

R.M.: Who are your favorite writers for inspiration?

KEITH: I don't look to any writers for inspiration.

R.M.: In general. Is there anything that stimulates you to writing a song?

KEITH: No there isn't, actually. I get my stimulation from pictures, and television, and movies. No real stimulation via records.

R.M.: Any favorite groups, outside of the obvious?

KEITH: No favorite groups but I like Randy Newman a lot.

R.M.: He's one of my favorites too. I met him at the Bitter End and he's a very quiet and very beautiful writer.

KEITH: He's really great. . . very good, I think.

R.M.: Paul McCartney called him up at 3 o'clock in the morning one time about his (Randy's) first album.

S.G.: Just what he needs.

R.M.: He asked him for his demo tapes.

KEITH: I've heard his demo tapes too.

R.M.: Anything that later appeared on albums?

KEITH: Some were. . . well. . . "Simon Smith and His Amazing Dancing Bear."

R.M.: Alan Price did that.

KEITH: Right.

(We get into a discussion of Randy Newman, Van Dyke Parks, Brian Wilson, etc. Then, after Gary returns, we talk about some of their television appearances like "The Smothers Brothers Show")

R.M.: I feel that there is a small but ever growing audience that really likes the group.

GARY: You think they do?

S.G.: You're rock and roll stars.

KEITH: And we're going to play in Madison Square Garden. (laughter)

S.G.: Would you consider it?

KEITH: I'm sure we would consider it.

S.G.: Seven dollar ticket prices for the audience.

R.M.: Free telescopes for the people who can't afford it.

KEITH: I don't imagine we'd ever be in that position. It would be better to do four concerts for 5,000 people than one concert for 20,000. Like Mountain, (at Fillmore) what they're doing.

(Door bell rings, Robin Trower enters telling everyone he's just bought his third guitar, a used black Stratocaster.)

R.M.: I wanted to know what your influences are because you're not like the other guitarists who are so cliched. In other groups you can pick it out by putting on one song.

ROBIN: Yeah, well I've been influenced. I guess, by everybody who's any good. My first big influence, I think, was Steve Cropper, know him?

R.M.: Yeah.

ROBIN: That was 6 or 7 years ago, when he first came out with "Green Onions" and "Jellybread." I think the main thing was that he had such incredible timing. I don't like him anymore. . . I don't like what he's done for several years. He was very original when he came out, wasn't he, Gary?

GARY: Quite right.

ROBIN: He was like, the first white blues guitarist, really. Then I heard B.B. King after that.

R.M.: How's your songwriting coming along?

ROBIN: It's getting better.

R.M.: Your songs are generally based around a guitar riff.

ROBIN: Right, everything comes from what I hear.

R.M.: Did you ever think of writing your own lyrics? Are you lyrically inclined at all?

GARY: I've written some lyrics. I've been working on some for about three years now. (laughter)

R.M.: How did they come out?

GARY: It isn't finished yet.

ROBIN: (glancing toward Keith) The competition's too stiff for me.

## Army Is Escalating

The Army is escalating the arms race against demonstrators with an arsenal of new weapons designed to outfox the craftiest street fighters and leave them "subdued but unharmed."

The new weapons include a rubber-ball style tear gas grenade that bounces around wildly so it cannot be picked up and thrown back into police lines; a grenade that sprays indelible dye on people so they can be picked up after a disturbance occurs; and radar instruments that can see through brick walls.

Army scientists are also experimenting with using loud noises and bright flashing lights to disperse crowds.

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## Summer Anthropology

For the first time an archaeological field school will be operated this summer in the New York metropolitan area by the Department of Anthropology in an effort to make field experience available to area college students who can not afford to travel outside this region. The session will focus on historical archaeology with a series of historic sites on Staten Island being excavated.

The field school is open to all undergraduates (freshman to senior level), although some preference will be given to Anthropology majors as enrollment is limited. A ten week session (June 7 to August 13th) involving a full time commitment of five days a week, Monday-Friday, 8 A.M.-5 P.M. (including travel time to the site), will result in eight units of credit for each student.

Application forms and further information may be obtained in the Anthropology Office (Wagner 03). Interested students should contact the Department as soon as possible.

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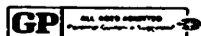
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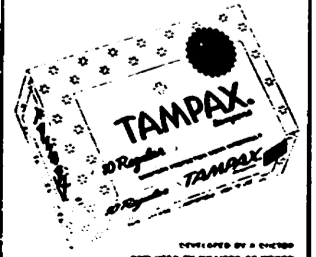
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# WASHINGTON D.C. PROTEST 1971



peter grad

by rebel owen

I was in Washington April 24th. One warm body for peace. About a quarter mile in front of the Capitol there was some sort of building site, a concrete ruin under construction; there I let my pack to the ground, sat for awhile, listened to the vague voices as the speakers droned on. Abzug was mercifully short. There were young married couples, blankets, kids, sandwiches. We couldn't really hear what was being said, no one really cared. Politicians. That guy who heads the Vietnam Veterans was announced. The applause and cheering was different now. I don't remember his name. His face, from Channel 2; that funny New England accent. Those people, quiet people who sat around me, knew this was the man. Two hundred thousand, half a million? Who knows, they were glad to be there, but it was those 5000 veterans who had brought many of them, it was those veterans who made it real.

Technically, I'm a Vietnam veteran. I volunteered to go there, I spent five months there, but I never fired a weapon with serious intent. I wanted to experience combat: curiosity drove me, and . . . something else. I was disappointed that I never made contact with the enemy, and I am afraid that disappointment will always be with me; that was a very important time in my life, for reasons I still do not completely understand. But I am now beginning to feel that I was a lot luckier than I knew.

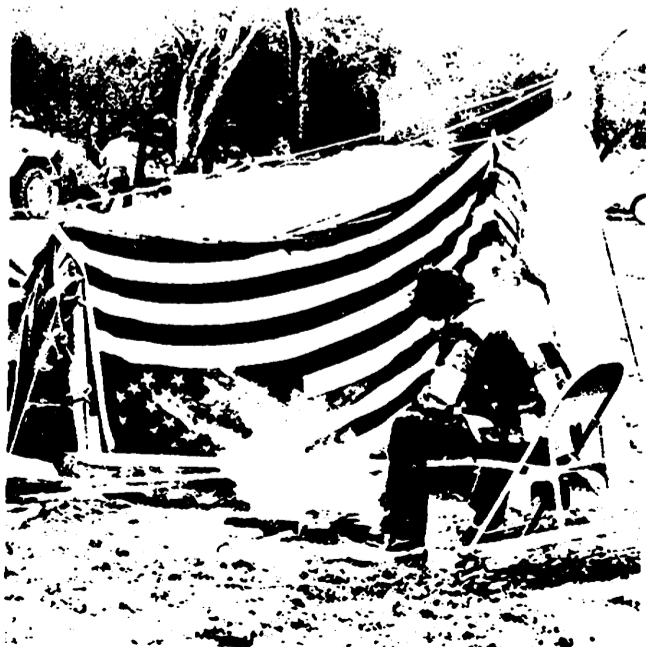
I heard one of those veterans last week on the radio. He was throwing his medals on the Capitol steps. This one is for Lieutenant so and so, he said, who died. This one is for Sergeant so and so, who died for no reason. And he threw the rest of his medals on the steps. And his voice breaking, he said: "They don't mean a thing; they don't mean a thing." Myself, I don't have any medals, other than the standard service ribbons; I was a little older than most of these guys when I went in the Army; I had written editorials against the war for this newspaper before I was kicked out of school. I was cynical about the war and I soon learned to be cynical about the Army. So far as I know, I did not kill anybody; the one time I hoped I had, zeroing in mortar fire, no bodies were found, no blood (I'm not going to discuss this further: read *Why Are We In Vietnam*, by Norman Mailer, if you are interested).

When I heard that kid on the radio, I had tears in my eyes. Perhaps "kid" is the wrong word, but right now "man" has a bitter taste in my mouth.

I was a mechanic, attached to a provisional infantry company, but I saw a lot of faces from the real infantry. I don't remember any names, only a few of the faces. Perhaps some of them were down in Washington last week; most are probably settled into their slots in society, the slots which no longer quite fit. But some of them, surely, left their lives in the Vietnamese mud; a green dying ground, beautiful people. And the faces I couldn't see: the slaughter is on both sides.

I don't remember those faces. I did not know which ones were going to die. But somehow, the dying eyes are still with me: the flat, tired eyes returning to the field, the young, scared, eager eyes going out for the first time. They are gone now; gone; completely gone. Wiped out. Erased from possibility. I do not understand it.

I was in Washington April 24th. One warm body for peace. Many warm bodies. Warm.



by jonny neumann

I feel almost embarrassed to defend the brave Americans who put their guts on the line to protest war, and got themselves arrested en masse in Washington this week. Most newsmen, every politician, each public figure in the country seems to have denounced the May Day demonstrators as not only "ineffective" and "self-defeating," but as "self-indulgent."

What kind of new depths of immorality and self-righteousness has this country reached so that it can say with a straight face: protesting war is an act of self-indulgence?

The irony—indeed, the pity of the situation—is that this country was raised on the principle that courage is a virtue. And in truth—stripped of its violent and redneck connotations—courage is a good quality, it is one which most Americans seem to have forgotten the meaning. To be brave means to assert yourself individually, often when it is most difficult to do so. It means to think and make a personal value judgement, to make a decision, and then to act on that choice. Courage implies action and vibrance, but more importantly, it means clear-sightedness, at least so that one sees far enough to be able to overcome his immediate fears. Bravery is taking the step forward alone, despite the pressure of others or of oneself. It is always easy, but not courageous, to join a bandwagon. It is always difficult to be brave.

## They were sincere and committed people

The May Day protestors are brave because they have asserted themselves while others complacently sit back and allow last week's mass demonstration to speak for their commitment. In reality, of course, most of the Congress, almost all of the press, and 98 per cent of the country did not take part in the April 24 mass demonstration. The May Day marchers, however, were at the big protest. In fact, many of them helped to organize it.

The argument used by the back-seat protestors is that the May Day people are careless, reckless, unorganized, destructive, hazy-eyed, and even anti-climatic in effect. I agree with most of these complaints. But what do they have to do with morality or political insight? What group of people in America is not, to say the least, careless, reckless, unorganized, destructive, hazy-eyed and even anti-climatic? Some suggestions: the US Government bureaucracy itself? The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey? General Motors? The Dow Chemical Company? Even any small paper mill in New England?

Perhaps these groups have a more tightly knit

organization than the May Day war protestors. But look at the statistics. The US Government: has killed 45,000 Americans; 250,000 Vietnamese with its war policy (destructive?); its president has pardoned a convicted murderer of 22 people (anti-climatic?); the Department of Defense was found to be the largest single water



police were willing to work for a full week against the war. These were not drug-tripping, lazy or apathetic students who went off to the country for a rock festival, nor were they the nihilistic self-defeating Weathermen from a year ago. They were sincere and committed people who came to Washington to take part in peaceful civil disobedience and to be arrested. The messy melee in the streets may have seemed like childish games planned out of desperation. But it was neither intentional on the part of most of the protestors, nor was it the pattern for the many future acts of civil disobedience and disruption planned against the war.

Organization was never simple, but at least this week it seemed a great deal of people were serious about starting an effective action-oriented anti-war program. It seems



polluter in America in a recent Ralph Nader study.

Standard Oil: has spilled thousands of gallons of petroleum into the public waterways; has drilled wells off the continental ridge into thousands of acres of American land; has destroyed forests and fields in its excavation—all the time leaving the land in ruin, the waters polluted, the air—

General Motors: has refused to spend reasonable sums of money to research a new development in car motors which will cut pollution. Presently, exhaust fumes from automobiles account for 60 per cent of the pollution in America, 80 per cent in New York City. Or, turn again to Nader for a report on GM, Ford, Chrysler safety (careless, reckless, destructive, hazy-eyed...?).

Dow Chemical: its napalm has served to defoliate at least 20 per cent of all the land in Vietnam. That means one fifth of the countryside can NEVER be restored. (Careless, reckless, destructive, hazy-eyed...?)

Now ask yourself again: how careless (reckless, destructive...) are the people who, in protesting against war, try to block traffic—using their bodies, or using cars or garbage cans or tree limbs—all the time seriously hurting NO ONE, and destroying almost NO property? How can we maintain any sense of morality while arguing so vehemently against these war protestors when we are DOING NOTHING AT ALL about the destructive, expensive and harmful institutions whose motives are so far away from crying out for compassion? Where in heaven could our senses and priorities lie?

I can remember a time not too long ago when President Nixon sent American troops to support an invasion of Laos which ended with a massacre of the Allied forces. At that time it happened to be winter in the United States—in New York the temperature was in the teens. The general public reacted to the war escalation with equally cold dispassion. A group of several thousand devoted people, however, marched peacefully at Times Square the week Laos was invaded. The press ignored them; the public, the freezing pedestrians who rushed to the subways past the rally, laughed at the protestors. Yet, the thousands stayed through the bitter winds for hours, crying out desperately for an end to the war.

Those were the same brave people who are still in the streets of Washington this week, who have been accused of being "anti-climatic" after the emotionally powerful show of the veterans two weeks ago.

Monday's protests were certainly confused and unorganized; although much of the credit for the sloppy actions must be given to the Washington police force with its very neat and overwhelmingly effective anti-riot tactics. Even without the police manoeuvres, the demonstrations were not very well planned. What is important, however, is that so many energetic and serious

that the beginnings of radical/liberal movements are never accepted or understood by the general public until five years later... once they have become the norm and once another new movement is begun... and is rejected again and will eventually be accepted five years after that. The Mayday protestors are trying to develop new and more serious methods of protest, adding momentum to the anti-war movement. Certainly, that initiative is not coming from those who decry the Mayday actions as "ineffective." In fact, ironically, what we get most from those critics is stale rhetoric.

Do we know, in fact, what we mean at all when we accuse the protestors of being "ineffective"?

The day protesting war becomes "self-indulgent" will be the same day that waging war will be moral and courageous.





by aaron spreiser

War broke out in Washington this week—a war that could last as long as the one in Vietnam, which after all, had brought us to this point. Thousands of us went down to the nation's capital to put our bodies in the streets and strangle the flow of traffic. In America today, the only way to get bureaucrats to think is to bring their cars to a halt and prevent them from getting to their jobs. That's what we thought beforehand.

We were prepared to commit civil disobedience and to be jailed. But the action was so disorganized, and the police response so aggressive, that all one could feel was helplessness. Non-violence was abandoned as a tactic, and trashing became commonplace.

On Sunday night, people began talking about trashing at a strategy meeting. One guy urged us to slit bus tires, with small knives. Another guy recommended we rent an elephant to block traffic, but we decided it was impractical because we couldn't get a bale of hay.

With an affinity group of seven other people from New York, I went down to DuPont Circle at 6 AM Monday, as 2,000 other people were marching on the surrounding sidewalks. But keeping a close eye on us were 500 cops in full battle dress, wearing gas masks. Helicopters buzzed overhead, giving directions to their comrades below.

At this point, there was no traffic in the circle, which stands between the downtown area and Georgetown.

him off, his affinity group came to his rescue. Four guys pounced on the cop, kicking and punching him until he fell to the ground and released their friend. Then they took off, leaving the cop behind only with a hurt ego.

The scene was beaming too hairy for me—every violent move by the demonstrators was met with greater violence by the cops—and I headed back towards the dormitories at George Washington University (GWU). The DuPont Circle area had been cordoned off, and the cops were stopping everyone. As I was walking alone, one cop shouted to me: "Come on over here."

"What for?" I answered, still walking. "I want to talk to you," he said sarcastically, tipping off his true intentions.

I said, "No thanks," and began running and lost him after he chased me for a block.

Two blocks away from George Washington's student center, the gassing was so powerful that my eyes were burning and tearing. People had picked up Volkswagens and other small cars and dropped them in the street, effectively snarling traffic. The cops moved in, and the tear gas began flying. Outside the Student Union, people were lying all over the place, their faces turning blue from too much gas. The university's construction workers, meanwhile, were having a good time, cheering whenever a cop belted someone in the head.

In the next half hour, martial law was declared. Cops



Nearby parking lots, though, were already half-filled with the cars of government workers who made sure to get to work extra early. The cops kept us on the sidewalks, arresting anyone who walked against a traffic light. As the rush hour approached, they became more indiscriminate, grabbing anyone who looked at them the wrong way or who screamed "pig!" at them. When still more people congregated in the area, gas was used frequently to disperse us.

In the face of the overwhelming police power, people began splitting into small groups and using guerrilla tactics—that's when the confusion and violence began. While their affinity groups acted as lookouts, people would rush into the side streets with garbage cans and just dump them in the middle. There were still no cars, but the action was building. One demonstrator who had thrown a can into the street was caught, and while a cop was dragging

streamed into the area in a parade of cars and buses, ordering everyone off the streets. At a nearby church cops told bystanders to get inside or they would be gassed . . . they were gassed anyway when the cops shot through the church doors.

On the steps of the GWU Law School building, about 40 people had gathered to watch the action a block away. Suddenly, two patrol cars pulled up, and four cops dashed up the steps, scattering the crowd. All four doors flew open, with the demonstrators reaching the entrance before the law students, who stood out with their suits and ties. They had not expected to be pursued by cops, let alone arrested, but in a flash, a handful of them were taken away. A few minutes later, as the law school dean and some of his students stood frightened at the doors, another cop pulled up to announce the curfew: "You make it easy for us, and we'll make it easy for you, and the sooner this thing will be over."

I overheard his statement from the window of a classroom, where I had sought shelter. Behind me, the class had just begun, and a professor began lecturing about stock transfer laws in a calm, ordinary voice. Disgusted, I walked out, slamming the door. For the next two hours, until the curfew was lifted, I sat in a hallway of the building.

As the curfew ended, the police left the area, and water trucks moved down the streets, spraying away the nails and glass thrown to block traffic.

Back in the dormitory room where I stayed, I received a telephone call from one of the people from my affinity group. He was being held with 2,000 other people in a temporary detention center at the Washington Redskins practice field, and they wanted food. I found my car in the middle of the street in front of the Student Union. Although several other cars had been smashed, mine was all right.

With four quarts of peanut butter, 20 loaves of bread and 20 oranges, I proceeded to the detention center—and was confronted with an incredible sight. The center had all the trappings of a concentration camp. The Army had set up eight-foot fences which were protected by two rings of local police and National Guardsmen. There were no facilities, food or even water. But that didn't stop the guard from gassing the inmates whenever anyone pushed on the fences. They thought it was a joke and sat around their headquarters drinking beer.

Armed with shopping bags of food, I was stopped twice by guards who opened every peanut butter jar and squashed the bread to check for machine gun parts. Despite the hardships, the people inside were in good spirits. They were resting, lying on the ground. One guy, who had been separated from his German shepherd when he was arrested, wanted to know if anyone had found his dog. But mostly, the inmates were calm, except for those strung out for cigarettes. A Viet Cong and a black flag were flown from an empty pole in the camp.



As I left the camp, a toothless guardsman noticed my license plate and called out: "Hey, you from New York?" After I nodded, he told me that he came from Jerome Avenue and 170th Street in the Bronx. I said "Pelham Parkway, take it easy," and he gave me the two-finger peace sign.

## We were prepared to commit civil disobedience and be jailed

When I returned to GWU, I ran into another member of my affinity group, Dennis Freeman, a CCNY graduate. Although he had not been arrested, he'd been beaten by five cops and his arm was now in a cast. He had been standing on a side street near DuPont Circle when he saw a group of police on motor scooters running down some demonstrators. They were playing a dangerous game of "let's see how close and fast we can come at them without hitting them."

Freeman couldn't handle watching this game, so he pushed one of the motorized cops to the ground. The cop, startled at first, went after him with the help of five other cops. They trapped him and beat the shit out of him with their clubs. Dazed, he still doesn't know whether they let him go or he escaped. But he still has the broken arm to remind him.

Of the eight people in my group, then, five were arrested, two were gassed, and one had his arm broken. And we still haven't heard from any of the five. We were casualties of a war, depressed by our injuries but even more, we were angered by the callousness of our own government. Silent, seated behind the stone walls of its buildings, it remains deaf to the cries of its children.

But the victory it claimed this week may be a bit premature. The Mayday Collective has decided to stay through the summer in a continued effort to end the war. Those who go to jail will be replaced by others. And I'll be joining them soon.



# The Relentless Ones Return

WASHINGTON, D.C., SATURDAY APRIL 24—Sitting eating breakfast in a Maryland Hot Shoppe and someone I'm with expresses his disdain at a statement on the menu which says, "Hot Shoppe stands for a true, blue America," or something like that. Our waitress, a conservative looking (note my open and non-stereotyping mind) young woman with freckles and blond hair in a bun, has heard my friend, comes over and to our surprise frowns and says, "Yeah, soon they'll even be printing American flags on those things." Maybe it means something, maybe it doesn't. But on days like today it seems like it's got to.

The threatening black clouds which had trailed our march down Pennsylvania Avenue, stopped at the steps of the Capitol and spread out to cover the whole rally.

Individual cries of "No rain, no rain" pierced the air. And then, as if intimidated by the huge mass for peace below them, the clouds moved on without spilling a drop, to rain on someone else's parade.

Today's demonstration was, I believe, the finest, if not the biggest of all the anti-war rallies I've ever attended. Maybe it was the people I was immediately surrounded by. Maybe it was where I sat in relation to the podium. But whatever it was, I realized sitting on the Capitol lawn that the answer to "Does it accomplish anything?" is a definite YES!

I realized, as Robert Clairborne did in the April 19 *Village Voice*, that while the American war machine still grinds on, refusing to admit defeat in its invasion of Southeast Asia, the peace movement has won small victories. The United States has not used nuclear weapons in the War and the movement laid the groundwork for the reaction which forced Nixon out of Cambodia. The

president was restricted enough so that he couldn't use American troops in Laos. And we dumped another President.

Limited victories, indeed. But when put together, they were big enough to bring us back to D.C. today; they're big enough to keep bringing us back until the war ends.

And did we come back! Even if we numbered 200,000, a police estimate, the lowest I've heard, that's .01% of the population. I'll repeat: One tenth of one per cent of the entire population of the United States of America, in one place to demonstrate against the War!

We saw hard-faced middle-aged men on sidewalks wearing caps that said Veterans Against the War.

We saw faceless members of the American Nazi Party unfurl their banners and get chased away.

We saw a man with a "Dentist Against the War" sign.

We heard Bella Abzug say, "The Vietnam veterans were here to kick the conscience of the Congress, and they did just that."

We met brothers and sisters from all over.

We rallied under a sun which seemed to go in and come out on emotional cue.

"We have won a significant victory," Corretta King said. "The size of this demonstration has proven Nixon's assumption about American complacency wrong."

Peter, Paul, and Mary, performing together for the first time in nine months, sang "Blowin' in the Wind." And I got that funny feeling in my throat when Vietnam veteran Kerry said near the end of his speech, "We learned this week that the Government cares more about where we shouldn't sleep than where we drop bombs or die."



Here's something you can all try when you get some free time:

Try to conceive of the hundreds of thousands of deaths that have occurred as a result of the War. When you come to the realization that you can't do it, try to conceive of just one of them. Try to envision one person, Vietnamese or American, old or young, "enemy" or "ally," shot or bombed or burned or napalmed to death. I tried it today on the Capitol lawn, but I found myself going insane, so I stopped.

The folk and rock concert tonight at the foot of the Washington Monument gave off vibrations worlds apart from those of this afternoon's rally, at least from my vantage point. Although I've seen no numbers, thousands evidently attended. The grounds were badly lit, tremendously crowded, and the concert was delayed for a couple of hours. All around me, people were buying and selling drugs, panhandling and stepping on each other to get closer to the stage. Some people were lighting road flares and just heaving them into another part of the crowd. A few fights broke out. The word "Altamont" hung heavily on a few people's lips. It seemed that all around me people were involved in selfish pleasure-seeking, a tremendous contrast to the day's earlier events. So I left early. Maybe I saw it that way because I'm getting too old, or maybe I just failed to realize that war protesters are human too.

bob lovinger



# Marshak..

(Continued from page 1)  
chitecture, etc.

In other news:

\* Chairmen for the soon-to-be ethnic studies departments are being sought.

\* President Marshak, who has never been inaugurated, will finally become the College's official president at commencement exercises on June 1.

\* The College is now second only to the University of California at Berkeley in the number of its graduates who are members of the National Academy of Sciences

# Rally...

(Continued from page 1)

and demanded his identification card. "Some people have a right not to agree" Martinson told the students. "I suggest you start considering their rights." The demonstrators entered the building despite Martinson's warnings but left soon after without incident.

Commenting on the demonstration, Public Relations Director I.E. Levine said, "I think it's a disgrace.

One student who said that at one time he wouldn't even consider joining a demonstration on campus, admitted that he has become very involved in the present actions. "If people like me are beginning to participate" said Steve Krevisky, "then you know something in the system must be wrong. It's not killing education to protest an act of legislature that might kill education." Looking around and noting the dwindling numbers and apparent lack of interest of students merely observing the rally, Krevisky stated "maybe it'll have to take a blood-bath here at our campus to get students to focus attention on the problem facing us."

But one patrolman cruising down Convent Avenue had less serious thoughts. "Yeh, it's springtime and it's just kids."

# Rose Trial

MONTREAL, Quebec (LN-S)—The trial of Paul Rose, charged with the kidnaping and execution of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte last fall, has produced another dramatic political explosion.

Because Quebec law forbids women to sit on juries, Lise Balsler, a witness in the trial, has refused to testify. On March 1st, seven women forced their way into the jurors' box and demanded that they be allowed to sit there.

The women explained that since the law says that everyone has a right to be tried by a jury of his/her peers, if a woman can't sit on the jury then the state cannot try women. The women were sentenced to one to two months for contempt of court.

# Money Needed

The Vietnam Peace Parade Committee, which has raised much of the bail money for the more than 11,000 arrested in Washington this week, is still in desperate need of money for bail and the financing of other ongoing Spring Offensive-related activities. Volunteers are also needed.

Money can be brought or mailed to the Parade Committee at 17 East 17 Street, N.Y., N.Y. The office is just east of Fifth Avenue and for other information contact OP or the Parade Committee at 255-1075.



Guess what, mom, I'm in jail.

# Once Around Again With Albany

Life is just a game, you fly your paper plane and there is no end.

Life is just a game, you fly your paper plane and there is no end.

The sole problem with riding on a merry-go-round is when it's all over your horse brings you back to where you started. The music tinkles, the horse slides up and down, the faces blur, the cotton candy sticks in your teeth, the old man who smells funny takes the quarter and sends you around again only to come back to the start.

It's a lot of fun for a child, but after a while you outgrow it. You want to ride real horses, not wooden ones that go only in circles.

Spring now looms before the College as a series of old familiar merry-go-rounds. They're old and the paint is worn, cracked in places, inflation has driven the price up and hell, who wants to ride an old broken merry-go-round anyway.

The College budget cuts are a merry-go-round. We rode it two years ago and three years ago and each time the same threats were made, the same dangers braved and in the last second enough funds were restored to keep the College open. Albany cuts the budget to put the College on the defensive and to rule out the possibility of money for improvements. We have to fight to save the college in their ballpark, not in ours.

The antiwar movement is a merry-go-round. God knows we've all been there before, we've marched and petitioned and many of us have done much more and we know that nothing we do will affect the handling of the war. Nothing will change the existence of oil on the Vietnamese continental shelf or the unwillingness of South Vietnam and friends to negotiate peace.

And so the College is filled with people who no longer ride merry-go-rounds. They've been through it all before, or maybe someone they know has, and they know better. People just don't intend to

get involved.

Another reason for lack of involvement are the not so fond memories of that other Spring merry-go-round, closing the College. This looks to be the first Spring in three in which the College will stay open for the whole term, and when people aren't thinking about finals it seems that most students want it that way. All the action of closing school was never satisfying in retrospect either in the accomplishment of actual aims, or in feeling that it had been worthwhile.

There is no group on campus who is openly disgruntled or visibly together enough to spearhead an action, nor are there demands to rally behind one. There were constant rumours in the South Campus cafeteria a month or two ago about an impending takeover, but they seem to have been much talk with no action.

We were the opposition when we marched, maybe we weren't the loyal opposition but we were the opposition and as such, part of the total system of action and reaction. So before we give up our role in the system we have to examine what leaving that system will do.

The mass movement against the war didn't end the war but it was a stabilizing force, demanding that government constantly check back over its shoulder to see how close we were. Nixon knows what happened to Johnson and this memory may be the sole check on his actions. If we stop now, how will Nixon react? Will he believe his latest television campaign has convinced America of the righteousness of the war? And will this feeling be reinforced by the ensuing flood of newsmen talking about backlash and the re-emergent silent majority?

Two years ago 13,000 students demonstrated in Albany. While no large demonstrations have been scheduled yet, again we must think in terms of how the

legislature will react if no students show up after demonstrations are planned this time.

There is a lot of talk about tuition for City College next year either to the tune of \$550 a year and the imposition of a sliding scale 'for those who can afford to pay.' This must be opposed.

Tuition is antithetical to open admissions; many of the students open admissions is supposed to reach cannot afford tuition, yet no one in Albany has spoken of any need for financial aid to go along with tuition. Then there are many other students who work to support themselves and could not afford to stay in school with the burden of added fees. Unless financial aid is provided tuition would be a disaster and if financial aid is available, the cost of administering it would probably eliminate the income from those students who did pay.

One proposed way around this is a sliding tuition scale under which students would pay varying amounts depending on their parents' incomes and there would be a minimum income below which no tuition would be charged. This too is no good. First it assumes that students are supported by their parents, something not necessarily so. Second, and more important, it will foster further division and factionalism among students.

We need unity, not division, we need unity because we know why this is a special year for budget cuts. There are a lot of legislators who would like to do away with Open Admissions with SEEK and with every other attempt to render this College responsive to the needs of all the people of New York. The lines for fighting these cuts have not yet been drawn but when they are we'd better be ready to work.

I do not face these old merry-go-rounds with a grin on my face but hopefully, I know enough to recognize necessity. We're just going to have to be back out marching again this Spring.

fred miller

# We are the Victims of Our Own Impotence

Dienbienphu. The French retreat. Algeria, the French retreat. The women are unveiled. Terrorism ceases. All is quiet.

We are victims of our own rape, slave trading, and exploration.

In 1492, Columbus met the West Indians by proving that the world was round.

Several centuries ago, the Spaniards traded in flesh.

A century ago, the fields of America were reaped and the cotton was baled by "niggers."

A century ago, it was a rare Victorian woman who really had, let alone enjoyed, an orgasm with a man.

In 1964, or was it a decade earlier, the Horatio Alger myth of the American gyroscope he-man raped the Nirvana of Vietnamese budhists.

In America, which is best today at this moment: to be black, white, Indian, mulatto, Oriental, or perhaps a black man with a white mask, or with an overburdened conscience; a white man with a black mask, or a white drop-out from the F. Scott Fitzgerald generation, namely a "hippie" or "yippie." (But don't forget that the generation of Fitzgerald and Hemingway was lost too!)

In America, which is best today, to be a "liberated" male or female, a male chauvinist thrusting vainly into plastic women in hot pants, a bisexual, a male homosexual, a lesbian, an impotent, a voyeur, a fetishist, a pimp, a prostitute, an avoider of sex, or an over-compensator who spends his night hours "making chicks."

Which is more important? the family, or the job? "Mommy, when is daddy coming home."

Impotence is a state of mind.

It can occur at the job, in front of bosses or messengers, or peers.

It can occur during the sex act-during foreplay, or during orgasm, or at any stage in between. Ejaculation praecox, vaginismus etc.

Freud, and Marx, did you write too little and too late to save our overpopulated world?

Will Bobby Seale pick up the pieces with "seize the moment?"

Will Americans ever take Hesse's Journey to the East?"

Einstein played the violin, and Oppenheimer could have been a genius at anything he tried, but still there was Hitler, and so America worked on the A-Bomb.



But it was no accident that the war with the Germans ended first, and that Japan, on its knees, received the shattering explosion. It was no accident that the "inscrutable Orientals," of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, not the Teutons, were the targets of one of the greatest freak-outs man has ever visited on man.

Where do we, the human race, go from here, so that the sins of one generation are not visited upon the next, and so that history does not repeat itself?

The answer is not to drop-out of school, loaf, refuse to work, refuse to become involved in seeking love, or mutually pleasurable sex. The answer is not to freak out on LSD or to become hooked on heroin. And reefer and Budweiser are a bore.

Spontaneity must replace hollowness, and so that "no man is an island" each man and woman must develop a sense of inner values or "inner direction." Really, be an individual!

Also a renaissance must emerge in which one nation becomes one world.

Individually, for example, if you're a white man, as I am, say to a black girl at work you really dig, "Listen I'm not bullshitting you, let's get together outside of this place."

Or fight a language barrier to become close friends with a young Siamese man, newly located in this country, who is lonely. He said to me, with his eyes, his slow words, and his gentie smile: "I want to be your friend." And I accepted.

This Sunday afternoon, we're meeting down in the Wall Street District, on a deserted street. And from there, we'll go to an Indian restaurant, an area of common interest. We will seek Nirvana on Wall Street on a Sunday afternoon. Mondays when the stock market is open again, after the weekend lull, Nirvana is a commodity.

It's hard for young white man to communicate with a black girl or a Siamese man, but it must be done.

Multi-nationally, I have no answers. But sometimes, I find myself thinking about Sweden, which has been at peace for about 150 years. What if every individual were Sweden, and all nations behaved as Sweden does?

Maybe: Nirvana, or at least, peace.

-ken samner

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Judy, Leonard, Sandy, Suzanne, Ted and the rest who provided warmth, shelter, pillows, a floor, beans, a guitar, and some outasite date nut bread during our stay in D.C.  
*OPeace- Peter, Bob, Jeannie, Zev, Larry, Jay and Ed*

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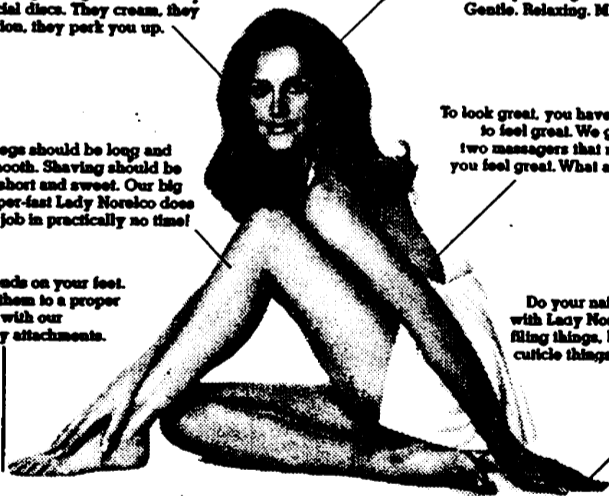
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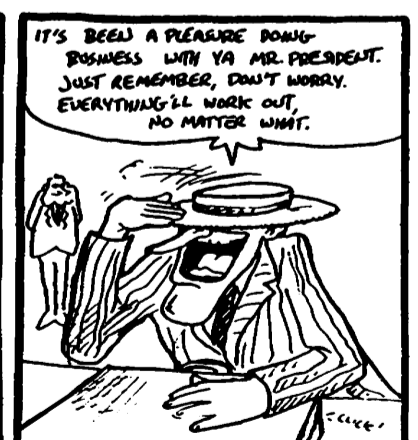
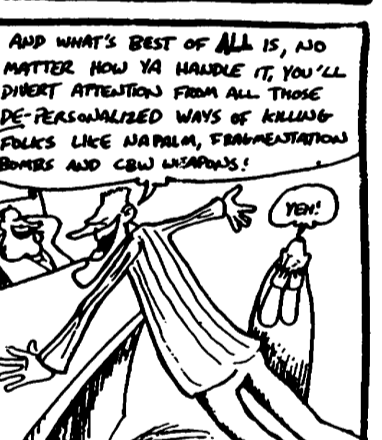
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# Promethean: Spring's a Little Late

by Iona foote

*Who cares if . . . after all the swagger and the swash / of days and ends after all the extras / and the butts after all a drunk / draws up and spews out Spring?*

Good Jesus Christ, man, whatever happened to good vibes, happiness . . . spring and flowers? light? hope?

There seems to be a dearth of delight in most our lives, according to the new Promethean, the College's literary magazine. Our young poets rant of "desperate noises through imploring mouths," mouths rippling like sand after the taste of love, shadows and tears and waiting for never.

Thank you, Rebel Owen, for the roaches.

Perhaps the general tone of this issue, and the standard of most of the writings therein, might best be exemplified by John Penn's poem "Right of Spring." It's a fairly conventionally styled work; disillusionment, youthful anti-everythings, and nothing terribly well—or new—said. Not only is the poetry in this issue on the average tense and trite, but the short stories are totally vapid and contrived. Michele Wallace's memoirs of being a little black girl in the typed hypocritical Bronx public school are nicely written, but one feels they'd come off a lot better in a book for ten to twelve-year-olds.

And George Gombar's "Gem Spa" is a masterpiece of cliché, altruistic pick-the-junkie-up-off-the-street-and-have-pity thinking. Not even worth an egg cream, that one. On a kinder note are Faye Sobkowski's "Mr. L.," which is a picturesque study of the doddering old midclass man and his harried and patient black housekeeper; Richard Goldstone's "Sonata: Two Male Voices" might prove to be an interesting sidelight for Jean Genet fans out there. Overall, though, one would give a thumb's down to this term's fiction.

But, don't split hastily now . . . for the price of Promethean, fifty cents worth, one need not be quite disparaged. There are "pearls" here worth saving. The translations, for one. Konstantinos Lardas has brought to us the poetry of C. P. Cavafy to these pages, where perhaps the glint of redemption might lighten our heaviness. And Malgorzata Hillar, translated by Krystyna, is almost hawk and butterfly beautiful, as is Krystyna's own work here. Barbara Lekatsas' "Tragoudi" has in it a sense of timeless tragedy, old Greece and the new . . . "Anastasia, Anastasi, you were born to bare the seasons / and sing a dirge of changes." Then, to mention one last, Jeremy Hull, in his two poems, raises the Promethean experience wholly in that here is a poet who is changing; he seems to be the only one represented in this issue who is trying to work the words into new, unique rhythm, an experiment. His poem's are good to read, with images that are neatly true.

There have been a few passed over here—Barry Wallenstein, Karen McCann, Stephen Braun—not because they aren't important, but because they're good, and just hype is a waste of time.

This reader found two rather amusing poems, if y'all are indeed open for a little humor. . . . Nancy Linde's "Poem for Women" (although not sure that she intended it so) and Charles Haseloff's lament to a chick during finals, called aptly enough "Finals, for K."

The photographs and graphics at back are pretty neat, including Dominick Valenti's two rather lyrical portraits, and especially the construction-on-church gig by Dennis de Mello. Also, dig the cover, it's a gas! The editors did a good job putting it all together, and Promethean, despite the flaws, does flow. One is fairly certain that, to paraphrase from Linde's "Communal Carrot," they all cried tears of real poetry. Not bad, not bad. We care.

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# REMEMBER

# KENT

# STATE

Dear Friend:

May 4, 1970: Allison Krause, Jeffrey Glenn Miller, Sandra Lee Scheuer and William K. Schroeder, students at Kent State University, were killed when the National Guard fired into an anti-war rally.

July 23, 1970: "We have reason to believe that the claims by the National Guard that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event."

—Justice Department's Summary of F. B. I. Report  
Akron Beacon Journal

October 4, 1970: "The indiscriminate firing of rifles into a crowd of students and the deaths that followed were unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable."

—President Nixon's Commission on Campus Unrest  
New York Times

October 16, 1970: An Ohio grand jury exonerated the National Guard of wrongdoing, and indicted 25 individuals—Kent students, faculty and others—on charges that usually included riot and arson. A bill of particulars has been refused. One of the grand jury prosecutors, a former member of the Guard unit involved, told a reporter that "they ought to shoot all the troublemakers." Three hundred grand jury witnesses, including Kent President, Robert I. White, were forbidden on the other hand, from commenting for several weeks on the grand jury action. Ohio officials generally, besides making it clear that the "troublemakers" have to be punished, in a vicious attack on the University itself, blamed it for the demonstration against the U.S. invasion of Cambodia. January 28, 1971: Despite Federal Judge William K. Thomas' order that the Grand Jury Report be destroyed,

## THE INDICTMENTS OF THE KENT 25 STILL STAND.

Thomas rejected the report destroyed because of its sweeping violation of law and constitutional rights, and because it would be "unreasonable to expect or ask a prospective juror to promise completely to disregard these findings and to treat the indictments not as proof but only as an indication of crime."

The Grand Jury action concludes to:  
• Force 25 individuals whom even the F. B. I. described as peaceful to face costly and agonizing court battles—possibly prison.  
• Prejudice students and the university by holding them up to public scorn.  
• Diminish the constitutional right of free speech at Kent.

• Be the basis for an unwarranted attack on the entire American University System and Academic Freedom.  
**THE KENT INDICTMENTS CANNOT GO UNCHALLENGED.** They must be fought immediately and vigorously, and with the best possible legal representation. The defense cannot be hampered by lack of funds. Even with completely volunteered attorneys' services, the costs have been and will continue to be enormous. Such things as transcripts and legal research.

Please support these students and all the vital basic rights that are in jeopardy—academic freedom—free speech—the right to dissent—the right to a fair trial. It will be your investment in helping America to save itself—not for itself—but in spite of itself.

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